

BARBER COUNTY INDEX.

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SOCIETIES.

A. F. & A. M., Delta Lodge No. 71. Regular communications, first and third Saturdays of each month. W. D. Van Dyke, Secretary.

A. O. U. W.

W. D. Van Dyke, Secretary. Regular communications, first and third Saturdays of each month. W. D. Van Dyke, Secretary.

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METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening. W. D. Van Dyke, Pastor.

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MEDICINE VALLEY BANK.

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JOHN BROWN.

Story of His Life as Told by an Unprejudiced Historian.

[Since the publication in the North American Review, November number, of Rev. David N. Utter's article on John Brown, we have been asked several times to re-publish the article and we have concluded to do so this week. Even though it is quite lengthy, it is nevertheless interesting, and old Kansas especially will read it carefully. Here is the article in full:]

(From the North American Review Nov. 1883.)

Whether John Brown was right in his invasion of Virginia in 1859, is a question upon which good men may always differ. The movement was designed to excite insurrection among slaves, which in a legal sense might have been treason against the State. A number of men were killed, and a jury found the old commander guilty of murder. A rebellion that is successful is always washed clean of the stains of bloodshed and treason; but where the revolt is checked in its beginning, the leaders usually suffer immediately, and for one reason or another, their names are seldom greatly honored. To John Brown the fates have been unusually kind. His story fell upon a time when the world was eager for a hero, and when the people of the northern United States must make one of whatever material came to hand. It will be remembered that we were ready, early in the war of the great rebellion, to worship General Scott, or General McClellan, or Sigel, or Fremont, or Grant—anybody who would show any activity or earnestness in fighting the south, and to be ready to fight, these were the virtues in those days, especially in New England's eyes, covered a multitude of sins. Here was a man who had fought slavery for years in Kansas, in Missouri, in Virginia, and had died a martyr to his principles. The very fact that he had fought unlawfully added to his glory. No doctrine has ever been dearer to New England than the doctrine of the "higher law."

This is an invisible and unwritten law which each man must find for himself, read and interpret for himself, and obey in his own way. It leads him to disobey certain human enactments, so much the better; if it even leads him to treason and rebellion against his country, he at least is right, however wrong his acts may seem in the eyes of men. The acts of John Brown fitted this doctrine admirably; indeed, he himself was no mean exponent of it. either with voice or pen. His defense of himself was on this line wholly. He had resisted "brogue" laws in Kansas; and the laws of Virginia sanctioning slavery were bogus also in his view. He was above all such laws; he had done right in breaking them; he had done no wrong even in killing men, because his motives were good. He scouted the idea of insanity, and he set his individual judgment against all the law books of Virginia, and staked his life on the issue.

The attitude was heroic. The man bore himself like a hero from the time his sentence failed till his death; and every word that he spoke was in such perfect accord with the doctrine of the higher law, that every sentence thrilled New England as though a prophet were speaking the very words of God. There arose in his defense, and to sing his praises, a company of men and women whose peers did not exist in America. They have made our history and written it, and they have made our literature. They made the public sentiment that abolished slavery. They held the pen that awakened those who bore the sword that preserved the Union. When these men said, John Brown is a hero and a saint, the bravest and the cleanest of all the heroes of ancient or modern times, there was nothing for it but to accept the verdict.

It was not accepted hastily. Very many newspapers lamented the affair at Harper's Ferry as extremely unfortunate; and "fanatic" and "crazy old man" were the terms commonly applied to the old hero for fully a year after his death by all except those who were known to hold extreme anti-slavery views. But during the war all was changed; these extremists became our trusted leaders, and their version of the John Brown affair became accepted history, and, as such, it has passed into encyclopedias and biographical dictionaries, not only in this country, but in England and Europe. The war has now been over for nearly twenty years. A new generation is upon the stage reading and thinking, and the deeds of Old John Brown have a new interest as they pass again under review taking the form of final history. It is a time of revaluation of our war heroes, and some will gain in our estimation, and some, no doubt, will lose. This younger generation that is weighing, and sifting, and revaluing the deeds and characters of the men of twenty years ago may not have truth more than those who made the records that we read, but they probably need her less. The Zeitgeist has now more to say of science and fact, than of right or valor. Not that these latter terms are meaningless, nor that there is forgetfulness of what they signify, nor indifference toward such conceptions in ethics or qualities in men; but the keenness of interest now is all in the direction of getting at the exact facts of every case, let them be what they may.

Under the influence of this spirit there has been a growing impression that the deeds of John Brown did not warrant the eulogies that have been pronounced upon him. Emerson spoke of him as the "saint whose martyrdom will make the galleys glorious like the cross." Theodore Parker wrote from Rome, "Brown will die. I think, like a martyr and also like a saint. . . . None

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E. W. PAYNE, PROPRIETOR.

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of the christian martyrs died in vain; and that Stephen, who was stoned at Jerusalem, to Mary Dyer, whom our friends hanged on a bough of the great tree on Boston Common, I think there have been few spirits more pure and devoted than John Brown's, and none that gave up their breath in a nobler cause. Let the American State hang his body, and the American church damn his soul, still the blessing of such as are ready to perish will fall on him, and the universal justice of the infinitely perfect God will take him welcome home. The road to heaven is as short from the gallows as from a throne, perhaps also as easy." These men were the radical abolitionists of the time, to be sure; but as has been already said, their words and sentiments were adopted during the war period by the entire north, and since then largely by the civilized world.

But to the average citizen of to-day such extravagant eulogy of a doubtful character is distasteful. The mention of the name of John Brown no longer brings down the house, and for two or three years a spirit of doubt has been abroad among the people of Kansas whether the man deserves any eulogy whatever. John Brown was a disturbing influence in Kansas from the first. He went to the territory not as a settler, but to fight. His voice was always for war, and he probably was more anxious to fight Missouri than to make Kansas free. Those who had gone to Kansas to make homes and build a state naturally felt very differently. They would fight if it became necessary in support of their principles, or in defense of their rights; but a general war with Missouri, or the south, was last and least among things desired or hoped for.

It will be remembered that the first territorial legislature was elected fraudulently by voters who actually lived in Missouri. This body of law makers assembled first at Pawnee in July, 1855, but immediately moved to Shawnee Mission, near the Missouri border, where they completed their labors in a prosaically atmosphere and in the most shameless prosaically fashion—establishing an expedition much less extensive than had been originally planned, but sufficient, surely, to cover the name of John Brown with infamy forever.

The first victims of this murderous foray were found in a family named Doyle, living on Musquitto creek which empties into the Potawatomi. Here Townsley, Winer and Frederick Brown remained outside the house, while the captain and the rest of his family entered and brought out James P. Doyle and his two sons, Drury Doyle and William Doyle. These "prisoners" were taken along the road toward "Dutch Henry's" for about two hundred yards. Here the captain gave the order for their slaughter, but it was either misunderstood or disobeyed. Old John Brown then himself drew his pistol and shot the father, James P. Doyle, in the forehead. Watson and Oliver Brown then fell upon the young Drury Doyles, and William fell dead at the first cut of one of those murderous sabers. Drury Doyle started to run to the house, but was overtaken by his assailant and cut down. There was a younger brother of the Doyles, then sixteen years of age, in the house, whose life was spared at his mother's tearful entreaty.

From this place the "Northern army," as the commander styled the little band, proceeded down the creek to the house of Allen Wilkinson, which was entered in the same manner and by the same men. Mrs. Wilkinson was at the time sick with measles. When the men rapped at the door, she begged her husband not to open it. The men outside asked him to come out and show them the way to Dutch Henry's. He replied that he could tell them just as well without opening the door. The Browns then commanded him to surrender in the name of the "Northern army," and to open the door or they would break it open. The door was opened, and four men entered and searched the house for arms, taking a gun and powder. Then they told Mr. Wilkinson to put on his clothes and go with them. He protested, saying that his wife was sick, and that he would remain at home and be ready to answer any charge against him whenever wanted. Mrs. Wilkinson entreated, but the captain said, "It matters not," and marched her husband away, without even giving him time to put on his boots. He was killed about one hundred and fifty yards from the house by the younger Browns, acting under the captain's orders.

At about two o'clock in the morning the party reached Dutch Henry's crossing, and knocked at the door of a house where there were four men sleeping and a woman and children. The names of the men were James Harris, William Sherman, Jerome Glanville and John S. Whitman. The "Northern army" announced itself as usual, commanded surrender, inquired about other prosa-volunteers, made a search for arms, and whether the men present had ever aided proslavery men in coming into the Territory, or done the Free-State party any harm, or intended to do it any harm. Satisfactory answers were received from Harris and Whitman, and they were allowed to remain where they were found. William Sherman was killed in the same manner as the young Drury Doyles and Wilkinson. The horrid gashes made by the broadsword or sabers of the Browns gave rise to the story that the victims were mutilated; but there is no reason to think that the bodies were hacked or cut after life was extinct. The "Northern army" now, with a single prisoner, Jerome Glanville, retraced its steps to the camp of the previous evening, where the wagon and horses had been left. They breakfasted there and remained in camp till nearly noon.

As the early light of that Sunday morning, May 25, 1856, came over that new land, so lately a wilderness, showing here and there at wide intervals a cabin, with a little field of planted ground, it revealed five ghastly corpses lying in the grass. Two widows with their fatherless children, were weeping over their fatherless dead. They knew

noon. Townsley agreed to do so, not knowing what was to be done. So, at about two o'clock they started, with their rifles and revolvers all loaded and their swords newly sharpened. It is said they were cheered on their departure by the rifle companies, which is not unlikely, as the nature of their expedition was not known. John Brown, Jr., however, said, "Father, be careful; do nothing rash." Townsley had in his wagon only the Brown family, including the son-in-law, Thompson. There was another man in the company, whose name was Winer, who rode a pony. Whether he had volunteered and agreed to obey or not, we do not know. It is not probable that any of the men at this time knew exactly what they were going to do. It was the Brown family obeying their father, as in duty bound, with a teamster in their empty and a neighbor joined to the expedition, probably because it was going toward his home.

When they camped that night they were near the Potawatomi creek, and here Old John Brown revealed his plans for the war. He asked Townsley to guide them up the creek some four or five miles into the neighborhood where he lived and show them the houses of all the proslavery men, saying it was his intention to sweep the creek as he came down of all the proslavery men living on it. Townsley refused to become even the guide of any such expedition. On account of this refusal the party staid in camp all that night and the next day talking the matter over. It seemed to Townsley, and probably also to some of the other young men of this sort of killing was murder. Old John Brown urged that it was necessary as a war measure; it was time for the war to begin in earnest; war there must be to abolish slavery; God had foreordained him to begin it. Once a decisive blow was struck, the fatal peace policy inaugurated at Lawrence would be at an end, and the Free-State men would be obliged to unite and fight Missouri. The end of the matter was, that late on Saturday evening Townsley yielded, either to force or argument, and acted as guide upon an expedition much less extensive than had been originally planned, but sufficient, surely, to cover the name of John Brown with infamy forever.

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then what the world does not know even yet, that this was the work of John Brown. And the same morning found the stern commander of the army of seven in camp with his men and prisoner. As he lifts his hands to heaven to ask a blessing on the food, the dried blood of his victims is seen upon them by the prisoner. The prisoner was set at liberty during the morning, but was a little too free in what he said about the Browns, and was shot not long afterward, near Black Jack, on his way to Kansas City in a wagon. His death was, of course, attributed to the Browns but this is not clearly established, and probably never can be. He may have been mistaken about the blood on the old man's hands as a literal fact, but the stain upon his character from that night's work can never be washed away. And it ought never to be forgotten, overlooked, nor forgiven. It is right at this late date to publish it to all the world, and let the story have its full effect on the young who are forming their estimate of the man.

The story as here related is true beyond a doubt in all essential particulars. It rests upon the testimony of no single witness, but upon the perfect agreement of many. His truth was confessed by Brown himself explicitly on one occasion, implicitly many times. The killing of these men was never attributed to anybody else, and nobody in Kansas doubts that it was done under John Brown's authority.

The community at first was startled and shocked by the reports of these midnight murders. Old John Brown and his company of seven arrived at the camp that had left on Ottawa creek about midnight between Sunday and Monday after the assassinations. The news was known there the next morning, and John Brown, Jr., immediately resigned his command of the rifle company, mounted his horse and rode away home. He was soon after arrested for this crime, and severely used, it is said, being driven, chained, many miles in the hot sun until he became insane. His father used to show the chain in the east on his money-raising excursions, and showed great emotion in narrating the circumstances current among the Free-State men at the time, his eyes would sparkle with unwonted brilliancy, his manner would assume the wildest excitement, and, in a loud and hoarse voice, which was uncommon to him, he would exclaim: "Do not attempt to offer anything in palliation of such a crime. Nothing can excuse it. It was unequalled in atrocity and displayed only cowardice. Had the same deed been done in open day it would have shown more manliness, but to cut men from their beds at midnight and to cut them down in cold blood is infinitely more savage than was the chopping in pieces by a drunken rabble of R. P. Brown at Easton." And thus he would run on for a long time, much more vehemently than we can possibly describe. So speaks G. W. Brown, a fellow-prisoner, in the "Herald of Freedom" for November, 1859. The condemnation of old John Brown in this is a little too methodical for madness, it may be; but there are other witnesses that his ravings were like this in substance.

The effect of these murders was very great upon the community, and on the fortunes of Kansas; but it was not at all what the commander of the "Northern army" anticipated. He expected to precipitate a revolution; but instead of this, the abolitionists of Lawrence, even, almost unanimously denounced the deed. Fulkerson, however, was passing concerning the matter, lamenting it as most unfortunate. The Missourians, however, came on, inflamed with righteous wrath, hunting old John Brown and his boys, ready to shoot them at sight. Frederick died that shot thus, and they burned the cabins of all the Browns and all their kin, drove away their stock, and took vengeance upon them in whatever ways they could. Brown's resistance, and how he fought at Black Jack, are well known. But it is not generally understood, however, that all this fighting at Osawatomie and Black Jack grew out of the Potawatomi assassinations. The impression was really made in the east at the time, and has prevailed since, that the Potawatomi affair was in retaliation for these abuses and outrages committed on the Browns by the Border Ruffians. But our theme now is not so much the effect of this affair on Kansas as its bearing on the character of Brown himself and its importance as a factor in making up our judgment concerning his career and greatness. Still, if the result of those murders had been good, and had that good been foreseen and foretold by Brown, it would be something in his favor. But this cannot be said. What Brown thought he foresaw never came; there was no revolution, and not a slave was freed. Only evil to Kansas resulted, so far as can be judged with any sort of certainty.

The effect of this crime on the character and career of old John Brown was pervasive, decisive, overwhelming. After that night he knew his life was forfeit; and he fought, and begged and planned with a desperation born of his danger. He could not live in Kansas; he could not live safely or peacefully anywhere. He must fight on to the end now. The Rubicon was passed. He cut off his long beard, probably as a disguise, and sought help in New England, reciting the woes of his family, but concealing their cause. His desperate earnestness won the confidence and the hearts of some of New England's greatest and noblest men. Had they known fully what he was and what he had done, or even what he intended,

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The Index is a progressive newspaper, published at the county seat, and is the official paper of the county. It is the special advocate of the Live Stock Industry in the Southwest, and numbers among its patrons every stockman of importance in the West. It is published weekly, except on Sundays and public holidays. It reaches nearly every corner in this section of the continent, and is a valuable source of information to all who are interested in the Live Stock Industry. As all advertising medium it has no superiors. It is published at the county seat, and is the official paper of the county. It is the special advocate of the Live Stock Industry in the Southwest, and numbers among its patrons every stockman of importance in the West. It is published weekly, except on Sundays and public holidays. It reaches nearly every corner in this section of the continent, and is a valuable source of information to all who are interested in the Live Stock Industry. 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